

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Vol. 36 No. 3

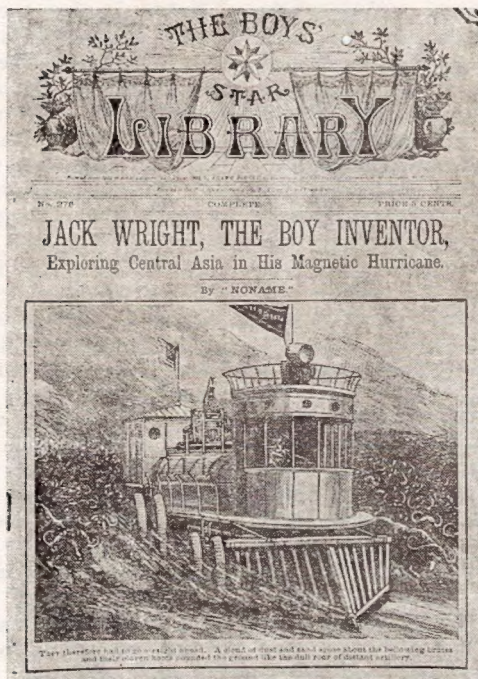
March 15, 1967

Whole No. 414

The Anatomy of Dime Novels

No. 6 Kit Carson

by J. Edward Leithead



DIME NOVEL SKETCHES NO. 87

BOYS STAR LIBRARY

Publisher: Frank Tousey. Schedule: Weekly. Issues: 379. Pages: 32. Dates: 7-11-87 to 5-17-95. Price: 5c. Size: 10x7½. Illus.: Black and white cover. Contents: A variety of adventure stories featured the early issues. With No. 216 the scientific adventures of Jack Wright began and soon took over the series.

The Anatomy of Dime Novels

No. 6 Kit Carson

by J. Edward Leithead

"Yes! Injuns on the roof. Wonder I never heard 'em till that one tried gettin' down the chimney."

"Brandon sprang up the ladder, and found Tandy in the little loft, which, not high enough to stand upright in, forced him to crouch near the rough stone chimney. By the reflected light of the torch below, Budd saw where Tandy's eyes and gun-barrel were trained as he dropped to one knee on the loft floor.

"With a splitting crack the blade of a tomahawk cut through the rough slabs near the chimney, and as pieces dropped inside, Budd saw the dark outline of an Indian's head and shoulders. Dust from the broken slabs peppered Tandy's upraised face at the instant he squeezed trigger. His bullet streaked wide of the mark. It was Budd's shot which plowed into the Apache's paint daubed chest, knocking him sideways from the aperture.

"For a moment or two, giving both men time to reload, the starlit break in the roof was vacant, then a dark head with a white flannel headband was projected through the opening, one arm thrusting downward a rifle barrel, which flamed and spat a slug. The white men below surged backward simultaneously, although they knew the redskin couldn't see them too clearly, that a hit would be more or less accidental. The bullet grazed Budd's shoulder, and while the two were off balance, a lithe body shot through the hole and landed on Tandy's head and shoulders, hurling him flat. Tandy yelled as the bear-grease-smelling Apache rode him to the floor. Reaching a hand to clamp the Indian's

slippery shoulder, Budd unsheathed his knife and struck at the left side of the Apache's chest. A death-chant rose . . ."

Besieged by the Apaches, Brandon leads the party away from his cabin-in-the-rocks to the prairie while night still holds. Their exit is through the trap-door in the cabin floor, thence from the cavern beneath where they pick up the horses. They travel the balance of the night toward Fort Lipan slowly, with stops to avoid Apaches.

Before leaving the cabin it is discovered that Bill Hanford, the guide, is no longer with them and has probably joined the Indian war party. It is Brandon's opinion that the guide knew the way to Lipan as well as he, that the man is a renegade, and to help his Indian friends—and possibly to lay hands on Betty Hawkins at the same time—he had intended to deliver Col. Hawkins into Apache hands, whether for burning at the stake or holding as hostage an open question. A determined assault on Fort Lipan before the new commander had a chance to rebuild its defenses and reorganize the regiment must have resulted in destruction of the post and its garrison. Thus the sharp-witted Brandon and the seasoned cavalry commander had pieced together the reason for Hanford's desertion and the unexpected Apache attack.

"Passing through a bit of tangled wood and brush, they came in sight of the fort just as the sun was rising, and Budd, pointing, said:

"There's Lipan, colonel. I'll go in with you and after that I've got to

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look for another home, as the pesky 'Paches have busted up my other one.'

"Why don't you make your home at the fort?" asked Betty.

"Couldn't do it, Miss Hawkins. It ain't the sort of life for me, and then I've got work to do. If you're stayin' there, I'll see you now and again . . ."

"They reached the fort, surrounded by a high stockade, with a sentry on the catwalk, and at a hail from Brandon the gates were opened and the party entered the enclosure.

"Colonel Hawkins was presently welcomed by the acting commandant and told his story, having scarcely finished when a man of medium height, with a large head and keen gray eyes, entered the room, and catching sight of Brandon, said heartily:

"Aha! It's you again, is it, my young chum? Been havin' more trouble with the Indians, eh? Wall, I reckon you gave 'em as much as they gave you,' with a laugh.

"Do you know the boy, Carson?" asked the acting commandant.

"Wall, I reckon I do," returned the famous frontiersman. 'He's Kit Carson's chum, he is. He's the boy who helped me out of trouble yesterday when I got caught with my last charge of powder, miles from home, and surrounded by 'Paches who'd give everything but their scalp locks to take me alive and make fun for their squaws.'

"Quarters were assigned to the colonel and Betty, and Tandy and Hooligan took their place with the troopers in the barracks. Budd Brandon was Carson's guest, to stay with him while he remained at Lipan.

"I won't stay long," said Budd, 'unless the Injuns make it hot for us here at the fort and another rifle's needed . . . Until I settle with Red Wolf and get my little sister back again, I can't settle down nowhere.'

"Count on Kit Carson for any help you need," said the scout. 'Can't say I ever heard of that Bill Hanford, but you and Colonel Hawkins got him figured right, I'm pretty sure.'

"There were no signs of Indians

that day, and scouts sent out to scout the country thereabouts reported that there were none in sight and that the band that had attacked Budd Brandon's cabin must have decamped in the night, after setting fire to the log dwelling.

"Darkness had already set in, however, when an alarm was raised at the main gate and the presence of a large war party of Apaches on the prairie was reported. 'Boots and Saddles' sounded brassily through the enclosure, the cavalymen pounded out in a sortie and the Apaches were driven off with the greatest ease—a suspicious circumstance; but hardly had the bugler sounded the recall and Hawkins returned with his new command, when Tim Hooligan came flying up to the colonel, Carson and Brandon, riding together. Some Apaches, reported the excited Irishman, had chopped through a rotten corner of the palisades and made off with the colonel's daughter.

"And, colonel," finished Tim, 'that villain Hanford was with 'em!'

"Miss Hawkins captured!" gasped Budd Brandon, and wheeled his horse. "Then I'm goin' to bring her back or not come back myself!"

"And Carson goes where his chum goes!" echoed the scout."

In the event it is a long chase—which it turns out to be—Colonel Hawkins takes time to organize the pursuit so that the unit will not be dependent on game for subsistence or be easily ambushed. The Apaches are fleeing directly toward the mountains and refuse to stand their ground. Carson and Brandon, out ahead of the cavalry, take heavy toll of the Apaches; so heavy, in fact, that the Indians split into two parties, and finally even smaller bunches as these crackshot frontiersmen hang on their heels. Yet in all that time and ground covered Hanford and the captive Betty are not sighted.

Carson drops back to lead on the cavalry and report to the anxious Col. Hawkins, while Budd keeps on after the Apaches. He does catch one glimpse of the treacherous guide, Bill

Hanford, with three or four Apaches, and Betty in their midst, entering a pass in the mountains. Budd is restrained from making sure targets of whiteskin and red when they use Betty as a shield against his deadly rifle. He wishes Kit Carson was there to side him; but, knowing Kit is leading up the soldiers, he keeps tracking deeper into the mountain maze when the party holding Betty disappears in that rocky stronghold of the Apaches. He leaves enough trailside evidence, however, for Carson to follow him.

"In one of the wildest, most inaccessible spots in all that wild mountain region, in a deep glen where the sun rarely penetrated, except at noon, amid scattered boulders, gnarled and twisted trees and great, moss-grown ledges, a turbulent stream winding through it, now lost beneath the stones or under rotting tree trunks, and now bubbling over the gray sands, was situated the hidden camp of Red Wolf's Apaches."

With Kit Carson seldom at a loss in following Budd Brandon's purposefully telltale tracks to the big camp, Col. Hawkins and his yellowlegs are not far from young Brandon when he sights the Apache stronghold. But there is too much Indian activity for him to steal into camp in search of the girl, this restlessness among the redskins being due to the report of their scouts that the cavalry, thought to be outdistanced once the red raiders entered the mountain fastness, were coming up swiftly in spite of the fact the cavalry mounts were not mountain-bred. The regiment was moving forward except for two howitzers, drawn by condemned cavalry horses, which are not easily moved over rough terrain and have been left with a guard in a mountain pass.

Impatient over the delay in his search for Betty Hawkins, whom he is certain is down there in some Apache tepee, Budd gets his horse and hits the back trail a ways in the hope of contacting Carson and the yellowlegs. They are closer than he thinks, and Budd's meeting with them, especially the resourceful Kit, is a

great relief. Before it is all over he is to learn that Col. Hawkins also is a very resourceful man, who will build Fort Lipan into a bulwark of security for ranchers and settlers in that Indian-menaced country.

"Budd told the result of his tracking to Carson and Col. Hawkins, that he was sure both Betty and Hanford were in Red Wolf's camp. But how to get the girl back without her being tomahawked at the moment of rescue? Col. Hawkins, an experienced Indian-fighter, was well aware that Indians as a general thing were very much afraid of cannon-fire. He had been insuring himself against disaster when he ordered those two pieces of artillery brought with them when leaving Fort Lipan.

"Don't forget the howitzers left back in the pass," reminded Hawkins, and Carson and Brandon both stared at him in quick comprehension. 'The ordinary threat of a cavalry charge won't work here,' the colonel went on, 'in fact, the region is so rocky that any kind of a charge horseback is out of the question.'

"Colonel," said Carson, 'you sure was forethoughted fetchin' them howitzers. Have 'em brought up and we'll go to Red Wolf and demand the girl. Maybe we won't have to turn them cannon loose, but we'll have 'em handy to run a bluff.' He saw a frown on Budd's bronzed face. 'You don't like waitin', eh? Well—'

"It's not only that," interrupted Brandon; 'if you got to drop a shell into that camp—if the bluff won't work—Betty Hawkins could be killed by a shell as easy as with a tomahawk. That is, we ought to know just where she's at before you start firin'—if you have to.'

"Carson took off his flat-crowned, wide-brimmed hat and scrubbed the top of his head. 'I see, I see, Budd. . . Well, what's holdin' you? Go on back to that Injun holdout, find out where Miss Betty is without the redskins layin' holt of you, if that's possible. That all right with you, colonel?'

"Hawkins quickly nodded, trying to keep the anxiety out of his voice.

'Meet us outside the camp, Brandon, when you hear us coming. If you're still footloose then and I hope you will be. It will take a while to bring the howitzers over the bad terrain from the pass.'

"Budd lifted a hand in parting salute, stepped into his saddle and rode out of sight with rifle in bend of arm. He tied his horse, as before, well away from the approach to the mountain stronghold. It was growing dark when he set forth for the glen on foot. He had eaten before leaving the cavalry bivouac, so that he felt in trim for anything when he stretched his long length on a shadowed ledge and waited for full dark. There didn't seem to be much going and coming in the Apache camp beneath his gaze; perhaps the report of their scouts that the soldiers were not advancing had led them to believe that a hand-to-hand fight against very superior numbers, instead of charging in mounted, swinging sabres, was a risk the cavalry commander was carefully debating before sending the troopers into action. They might even be awaiting reinforcements, though Red Wolf and his warriors—and Bill Hanford, the renegade—knew there were few if any reserve troops to draw on back at Fort Lipan.

"Budd Brandon eased off the ledge and began moving in as campfires died down. All was still as he entered the camp, but here and there he could see the dark form of a sentinel. Dropping to the ground, he worked his way snakewise toward a semi-circle of tents. As he drew nearer he heard the soft hum of voices and paused to locate it. It seemed to come from a lodge somewhat larger than the others, to Budd's right, and stealing forward until the lodge was between him and the nearest sentinel, he sank down at the rear of the skin tepee and listened.

"You are a white girl?" he heard, at once recognizing the voice of Betty Hawkins.

"Yes, white, same you. Indian no white, you white, me white. You come live here, same me?"

"How long have you lived with the Indians?" Budd heard Betty ask, and listened eagerly for the reply.

"How long?" repeated the other girlish voice.

"Yes; for how long a time? How many years or months?"

"How many moons be with Indians?" asked the girl.

"Yes, how many moons? Do you remember when you came?"

"Many moons, so many me think not know now."

"How did you come to be among the Apaches?"

"How come? Come horse this place, horse one time in other place, then one time in other place, go canoe."

"What is your name? I mean your real name, before you came with the Indians?"

"The other girl seemed to be thinking deeply, and at last she answered, 'Not know that. Name Blue Eyes.'"

"Yes, the Indians call you Blue Eyes. But can't you—no, I guess you can't, you must have been so young when the Apaches took you."

"Outside, Budd Brandon was tremendously excited. This girl talking to Betty Hawkins must be his long-lost sister, packed from one Apache camp to another so that, until this suspenseful moment, he had never located her. But the Indians were master hands at hiding captives when they wanted to. Betty was asking Nancy Brandon:

"Would you like to return to your own people?"

"All white people good like you?"

"There are many good people among the whites," said Betty. "I wish to return. If my friends come for me, will you go with me?"

"Me go," Nancy replied, then suddenly, "Sh! Someone come. White man with bad heart."

"Budd heard a step near the lodge entrance and crouched against the wall, although he was well away from the deerhide door-flap and in deep shadow. Bill Hanford's voice rose inside:

"What's Blue Eyes doin' here?"

"Keeping me company," Betty said.

"I won't have her here. I want to talk to you alone."

Brandon comes to his feet, starts to glide around the lodge, with his rifle poked forward. A stealthy step behind . . . but as he wheels, the flat of a tomahawk, in the hand of an Indian sentinel, slams against his head. When he struggles back to awareness of things, Apache warriors are tying him to a stake. It is grayling in the east . . .

"An hour after sunrise, a battle-line of bluecoat cavalry, with Col. Hawkins and Kit Carson at their head, confronted the startled Apaches. The muzzles of two howitzers threatened the half-circle of lodges. At the edge of camp a group of young men met the colonel and the scout. Carson mentioned Red Wolf. The young warriors stood defiant but uneasy, glancing at the howitzers.

"I ain't talkin' with boys," said Carson. "Send your chief, it's him I want. You know me, I reckon. My name is Kit Carson."

Back in the camp, beyond sight of the soldiers, Red Wolf confronts Budd Brandon, bound to the stake. A look of hatred is on the face of each man, white and red.

"Brandon burn, make big fire," snarled Red Wolf. "He think horse soldiers save um, but Apache too many for soldier!"

"An old woman came forward with a lighted torch, the loose wood now being piled high around Brandon. Budd was answering Red Wolf:

"You stole my little sister, but she's here, grown up. She remembers—"

"The squaw bent to light the pile and a sharp report rang out. She fell to the ground, the torch under her, putting it out. There was a wild yell from the edge of camp, and while the warriors started running for the pony herd, the squaws and children fled shrieking.

"All but two young women, one the colonel's daughter, the other, darkly

tanned and with light brown hair, dressed in a deerskin smock and carrying the rifle that had downed the squaw with the torch. Red Wolf drew his tomahawk and poised it an instant before he should send it crashing thru Budd's brain. Before the weapon could leave the Apache chief's hand, Nancy Brandon avenged her past years of captivity, snapping up the rifle and firing pointblank at the Indian. Red Wolf sprawled down with a half-uttered death-yell, rolled over once and was still.

"Next moment Nancy and Betty Hawkins were kicking aside the wood heaped about Budd. Nancy's arm reached for that big brother she had all but forgotten, the knife in her hand slashing him free. A bellow of rage burst on their ears as Budd stepped away from the stake. His swivelling gaze pinned on Bill Hanford bearing down on them. Hanford dropped the bunched reins of the two horses he was leading as Budd leaped in front of the girls, seizing from Nancy the rifle she had reloaded. Two shots banged out. Hanford staggered. He was firing his Colt's revolving pistol into the ground, falling on his face, as Budd, shouting for the girls to run ahead of him, stretched his long legs in a race for the cavalry and Kit Carson, looming at the edge of camp. He saw the two howitzers, and flame and smoke burst from the muzzle of one, the shell whistling over the heads of the fugitives to explode with a roar beyond. Not much damage was done by that one shot, but no other shot was necessary. It struck panic to the hearts of the Apaches . . .

"Col. Hawkins, tossing his reins to the bugler, was on the ground to welcome a joyful Betty. Carson was out of the saddle, too, hat in hand. "So this is the little sister come back, eh, Budd? She looks strong and healthy—and mighty pretty, yessir! 'Blue Eyes.' There's an Injun name for you and it sure fits." The famous frontiersman switched his gaze as Betty left her father's embrace to join the others. "I bet you girls will be good company

for each other,' Kit went on. 'Wouldn't be surprised none if you became sisters-in-law one of these days—er, Budd?'

"Budd Brandon grinned back and nodded happily, slipping an arm about the waist of each of the girls."

The handsome color covers of Pluck and Luck made outstanding Kit Carson items, though there were not very many of them, and all had been printed before in black-and-white editions. Here they are:

No. 25—Kit Carson, the King of the Scouts. By an Old Scout (Gaston Garne).

No. 181—The Boy Rifle Rangers, or, Kit Carson's Three Young Scouts. By an Old Scout (Gaston Garne).

No. 288—Boy Pards, or, Making a Home on the Border. By an Old Scout (St. George Rathborne).

No. 31—Kit Carson's Little Scout, or, The Renegade's Doom. By an Old Scout (Gaston Garne).

No. 340—Kit Carson's Boys, or, With the Great Scout on His Last Trail. By an Old Scout (John R. Musick).

No. 355—Kit Carson on a Mysterious Trail, or, Branded a Renegade. By an Old Scout (Wm. H. Van Orden).

No. 395—Kit Carson's Kit, or, The Young Army Scout. By an Old Scout. (Frank Forrest).

No. 406—Kit Carson, Jr., in the Wild Southwest, or, The Search for a Lost Claim. By an Old Scout (Wm. H. Van Orden).

No. 504—Kit Carson, the King of the Scouts. By an Old Scout. (Gaston Garne).

One more important Kit Carson item was Kit Carson's Last Trail, by Leon Lewis (Julius Warren Lewis). It originally appeared in the New York Ledger (1860's?). It was issued in book form as #4 of the Popular Series published by Robert Bonner Sons in 1891. The Federal Book Co., New York, also published it in book form in the early 1900's, at 50 cents a copy. It was reprinted in the Medal Library No. 287, Dec. 3, 1904.

The End

NOTE

I am attempting to compile an inventory of the New York Boys Library published by Norman L. Munro, 1877-1878. I would very much appreciate the cooperation of all owners of issues of this library if they would inform me of their holdings. This library is very rare and has been the subject of a college student's master's thesis. Please let me know the numbers you have. Edward T. LeBanc, 87 School Street, Fall River, Mass. 02720.

EVALUATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(From Dick Merriwell On Hand; or, Just in Time to Win, by Burt L. Standish — Gilbert Patten; Tip Top Weekly #414, March 19, 1904.)

It is a fact that Abraham Lincoln was, when a young man, one of the most remarkable athletes of that time. Always long-legged, long-armed tall, awkward and angular, he little seemed to possess the wonderful strength and endurance that was his. Lincoln's early life gave him physical power, which made him bodily as well as mentally a great man. No means of endeavor, however well directed, could have made him graceful and handsome of form. But the hard work he did, together with his athletic pursuits—for he was a great wrestler, a jumper, and was deeply interested in athletic sports of all kinds—fitted him for the mighty purpose which fate finally cast upon his shoulders, gave him strength to endure the terrible strain on his vitality. His early life made him the great man for the great hour when that hour struck.

—Sent in by Gerald J. McIntosh

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NEWSY NEWS

By Ralph F. Cummings

Herbert Kenney of Framingham, Mass., is raring to get started for old Northport, Maine, again, when he can take it easy for a few weeks, and get caught up on his reading—he loves the old stories that Doughty wrote—he is after a couple of Pluck & Lucks. Who has them, they are Dan and His Double and The Hut In the Swamp.

George Sahr got a listing of all the Happy Days from Ed LeBlanc—he says now he can look up any story he wants to read, and he has the time of his life, reading these old stories once more.

Carl Linville knows how gloomy it is, to sit in the house, looking out the window, and waiting for spring to roll around, he and his friend Arthur Shuberg of Salina, Kansas, wants to make another trip up this way, to visit with other novel collectors. Says he'll trade rare Starry Flag Weekly for Blue & Gray Weekly #2, 5, 16, 27, 31 and 32. Also wants Young Sports Library #36, 38, 43, 44 and 45.

Frank Schott is still interested in Boys of New York, old Police Gazettes as well as old guns and pistols.

Ken Daggett sure had a whale of a trip last May, over 10,000 miles. He visited with both J. P. Guinon and Gerald J. McIntosh—and had a wonderful time. He'd been wanting to take such a trip for a long time.

I'm told that the Town Press, Inc., of Lynn, Mass., is planning to publish the old Comfort Magazines—that will be nice, as there were many readers of them.

Louis Mitchell saw in True West Magazine for Feb. 1967 on page 10, "Heyday of the Westerns." This is a short rundown of the Western Pulps of the 30's. The "25 Years of Glory" by J. Edward Leithhead. This article, by one of our members of the Roundup, starts off by introducing the dime novel to the reader. Eight nice photos of the Western pulp, also, J. P. Guinon then takes over, also contributing a chart on them.

Edward G. Ingraham writes that he appreciates the items in Newsy News that appears off and on. He enjoys the Roundup very much, don't we all! I've loved the Roundup ever since I started in January 1931. So you see, it's been going over 36 years.

Frank Henry, who makes the Flyers Mart for me, sent me a clipping on "Roving Eye, Yes, Frank Merriwell at Vassar," by Robert Taylor, and it starts off such as: The scathing influence of the comradeship of the opposite sex has been known to temper the rough male animal," "said Frank Merriwell," Yales famous athletic captain, brooding over the news headlines which proclaimed Vassar to Merge With Yale. This article came out in The Boston Herald, Dec. 22, 1966.

Fred Lee died June 25th 1966 on Irene Gurman's birthday and George Setman of Quakertown, Pa., died Aug. 8, same year as Fred.

Ever do any business with fellows that's always looking for bargains and never giving any? I've been bitten a lot of times, and when I go to sell for a little profit, I can't sell, because it cost me too much in the first place, and I can't even get my money back. So I generally end up selling at the price I paid for it or less. George Flaum once told me to look out for these fellows who always have a hard luck story, and want your stuff for peanuts. They can undersell you every time, and make money at it, you just can't do it, and stay alive because they buy cheap. They want to buy rare items from you as junk, but when they sell it, or they have something to sell, that you know you have calls for and can use, oh boy, that's different. They take you to the cleaners.

Austin Windsor is feeling much better than he did. He now says at long last he has his bookshelves up, and filled with books and magazines. Austin says he was disappointed that I didn't give him a call when I was in St. Louis, I was disappointed too that I didn't stay over a day or two, and paid all my friends down there a visit

but when you don't have much time, and money is running short, you do the best you can. Maybe another time, who knows.

Denis R. Rogers is still plugging away on his writeup on Edward S. Ellis. Sure will be a wonderful book when he brings it out.

Stanley A. Pachon, of Bethlehem, Pa., hasn't been feeling too good—so we are all rootin' for you Stan, up, up and get well, and stay that way.

Clyde F. Wakefield of Worcester, Mass., loves to go here, there and everywhere in his hunt for the old novels, as well as a little of every thing else.

Has anyone, or does anyone know what's become of Frisco Bert Couch? I've written him a number of times, no answer, guess he and his side kick got lost down in the South American jungle.

Frank C. Acker and his wife Giny who is a small antiques collector, were up here Aug. 3rd, she was able to find a few things, and Frank too, and a week later I was down to Providence, R. I., and they took me out to Cape Cod—Wish we had time to spare, we would of liked to step in and say howdy to Ed. LeBlanc and family. Frank had never seen the post cards with the Merriwells on them, but I finally dug one up with Hans Dannerwirst on it. First he had ever seen.

Lou Kohrt of Houston, Texas, was surprised his 106 copies of Golden Hours he asked \$35.00 for didn't sell. He was sure they would, what with the submarine stories in them, the witch hunters, and chock full of other wonderful articles—seems so someone

would love to have them, but no one seemed interested. Once they had seen them, I'm sure they would of been interested. Some times when we don't see things, we don't realize what we are missing.

Michael Grinet of the Odd Book Store in Worcester, Mass., loves to read the back issues of the Dime Novel Roundup.

Herbert Kenney loves to go up to Northport, Maine, and enjoy himself by reading the old time dime novels and so on. Says it brings back pleasant memories. He goes up Oct. 7th and wants me to go with him, as he doesn't want to go up alone. We sure lead a life of memories when we both get up there. We'll bring a bunch of old novels with us, and have the time of our lives reading these old timers at the end of Memory Lane.

Ken Daggett is getting rested up good, since his big trip out west. He'll have the time of his life with his minerals and rocks he was able to gather while on that trip.

One of our new members, Louis Mitchell, 16 Chesslee Rd., East Hartford, Conn., has a nice collection of Ellery Queen Mags. He also likes Alfred Hitchcock mags too, as well as Gory Harry Mags, or items with gory contents. He likes the Happy Hours and Dime Novel Roundup very much.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Ed: I would be glad to hear from anyone who has hard cover books such as Algiers, Otis, Ellis, Henry, Graydon, etc., for sale. I am also interested in Liberty Boys of '76 and

MEMBERSHIP CHANGES

- 262. California State Library, Periodicals Section, Sacramento, Calif. 95809 (New Member)
- 188. H. J. Ryan, Box 881, Nashville, Tenn. 37202 (Correction of address)
- 263. Kenneth W. Scott, 1558 East 15th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11230 (New mem.)
- 264. Michigan State Univ. Lib., East Lansing, Mich. 48823 (New member)
- 265. Maine Historical Society, 485 Congress T., Portland, Maine.

James Boys Weekly.—Ward G. Loucks, 150 East St., Oswego, N. Y. 13126

Dear Mr. LeBlanc: I am enclosing an ad for my wants in the Merriwell Series. Up to this point, largely thru the help of subscribers, I have managed to acquire more than 200 of the Merriwell books and lack only these to round out my collection. I would like to tell you how much I enjoy and appreciate the DIME NOVEL ROUND UP. It fits neatly into the mood of nostalgia that must capture everyone at one time or another.—W. B. Ragsdale, Washington, D. C. (Can anyone help Mr. Ragsdale in completing his Merriwells?)

Dear Eddie: I am very anxious to locate the following Alger stories: In Search of Treasure; Tom Brace; Tom Tracy; Victor Vane; Walter Griffith; A New York Boy and Jerry, the Backwoods Boy.—Morris Teicher, 275 Livonia Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., 11212.

Dear Ed: I am actively seeking stories about Wall Street. Many of these were published in Fame and Fortune, Pluck and Luck, etc.—Edward G. Levy, Pleasant Hill Road, Woodbridge, Conn. 06525. (Can anyone quote Mr. Levy some of his wants. Wall Street stories also appeared in Secret Service, Work and Win, Happy Days and numerous other dime novel series.)

WANTED

Merriwell Nos. 76, 77, 79, 88, 90, 93, 94, 111, 120, 124, 128, 134, 135, 137, 142, 149, 153, 210, 230, 237, 241, in Medal, New Medal or Merriwell series. Give numbers, titles and prices.

W. B. Ragsdale

2300 N Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C., 20037

WANTED

Ragged Dick by Alger, First edition, published by Loring 1868
Iron Burgess, Government Detective, Old Sleuth Library #9.
Any edition will do.

Charles Bragin

1525 West 12th St.
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11204

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